

HAPPY HOOLIGAN AMUSES THE BABY AND THINGS GO HARD WITH HIM.

Also With His Brother Montmorency, But His Brother Gloomy Gus Is Lucky.

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WAR CORRESPONDENT GOING INTO ACTION.



Birthplace of Macbeth.

Mrs. R. J. Burdette, the humorist's wife, is a great traveler. She has in her California home a collection of beautiful bells from every quarter of the world, and she has in her memory a collection of odd incidents and sayings gathered in as many and diverse places as the bells were.

Mrs. Burdette says that while touring in the Scottish Highlands one summer she was taken to a cave in which Macbeth was said to have been born.

She examined the cave attentively. She listened attentively to the eloquent speech of her guide. At the end she said to the man:

"Come, now, tell me truly: Is this really the place where Macbeth was born?"

The guide smiled awkwardly. He shifted about a little.

"Well," he said, "it's one of the places."

Financial and Physical Diagnosis.

Jobbins: "I was in Doctor Slicker's office this afternoon and there were a lot of commercial agency reports on his desk. I didn't know they extended service to professional men."

Old Jilson: "Oh, yes; doctors use 'em in diagnosing appendicitis."

Criminal.

Jack: "You've heard about the escaping criminal who stepped on a slot machine and got a weight?"

Jack: "Yes, that's old."

Jack: "Well, even the bloodhounds couldn't get his scent."—Tale Record.

Hard to Advance Art.

"Bixler has three awfully smart sons."

"What do they do?"

"John is a horse dealer."

"Yes."

"And Jim is a faro dealer."

"Yes."

"But Joe is the smartest of them all."

"What is his business?"

"He's a picture dealer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN OLD JOKE REVIVED.



Wine Northern Tourist: "So that is an alligator? He is amphibious, isn't he?"

Colored Guide: "Amphibious, ahucks! He'd bite yo' leg off in a minnit."

HUMANITY.



Mr. Hare: "That's what I call sensible. People owning dogs should always put up signs."

PITY THE POOR PRISONER.



Sympathetic Visitor: "What do you find most hard to put up with in your prison life, my poor man?"

Prisoner: "The visitors."—Ally Sloper's.

Papa Does His Best to Answer the Hopeful.

Johnny: "Papa, what is a utilitarian?"

Papa: "Um—a utilitarian is a man who has no use for anything he can't use."

"Papa!"

"Well!"

"Is a vessel a boat?"

"Yes, my son."

"Papa!"

"What is it?"

"What kind of a boat is a blood vessel?"

"It's a lifeboat, my boy; now run away and play."

Taking No Risks About the File.

Desk Sergeant: "Why have you brought the prisoner up from the cell?"

Turnkey: "Jed heard him tell a visitin' friend of his to bring him a newspaper file the next time he comes around, so I thought I'd warn yer."

His Clothing Was Evidence Enough.

Mrs. Brown: "How did you find out that Jones's wife belongs to our sewing circle? We thought our membership list was a secret."

Brown: "Easily enough; I've noticed that her husband fastens his suspenders with a string."—Pittsburg Dispatch.



NEEDED AN OFFICE.

"What does he need an office for? He never does any work."

"Well, he has to go somewhere while his wife does the housework."

A COMMON SIGHT IN KANSAS.



Disgusted Kansas Farmer: "Say, that's the fourth straight mis you've made—wonder if you could hit a flock of barns."



English Sport: "Well, I nevah saw a flock of barns—and nevah expect to."

Farmer: "Duck, English; duck, quick! Here they come—you kin see most anything in Kansas!"

He Aimed Entirely Too Low.

"When I say good-by to you this evening," said Mr. Slowman, "do you think it would be proper for me to place one kiss upon your fair hand?"

"Well," she replied, coquettishly, "I would consider it decidedly out of place."

—Philadelphia Press.

An Opportunity for Andrew Carnegie.

Mrs. Huskiny (with letter from son at college): "Jason says that he hates to trouble us ag'in, but he must have \$20 more to buy more books."

Mr. Huskiny: "Wa-all, by gum! I'm a-goin' to write a letter tew Andrew Carnegie! If this ain't as deservin' a case fer a free lib-ry as he ever heerd tell uv, then I ain't no student uv eddication."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

An Old Saw Cleverly Reset.

Scene, coal mine at Frostburg. Balty mule attached to car, refuses to continue forward service. Driver very anxious to get there; mule very anxious not to. Inspiration. Driver changes mule to other end of car.

Driver: "Now, ya murtherin' spalpeen, back to th' mines."

A Waste of Words.

Miss Withers: "When Harold kissed me he told me that he loved me."

The Friend: "What a waste of words!"

—Town Topics.

Her Plausible Theory.

"I wonder where they get enough money to pay for all the wars?" said Mrs. Dum-leigh.

"I'm not sure, my dear," replied Dum-leigh, "but I imagine the map publishers furnish it."—Chicago News.

ALL HE WANTED.

Sternplace: "Don't you know that you can't support my daughter until you go to work and earn a salary?"

Lawrence: "Oh, I don't want to support her; I only want to marry her!"

Where They All Got Stuck.

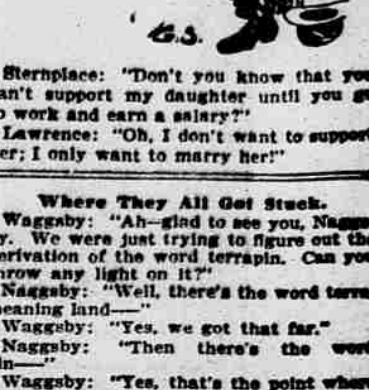
Waggaby: "Ah—glad to see you, Nagaby. We were just trying to figure out the derivation of the word terrapin. Can you throw any light on it?"

Nagaby: "Well, there's the word terrapin, meaning land—"

Waggaby: "Yes, we got that far."

Nagaby: "Then there's the word pin."

Waggaby: "Yes, that's the point where we all got stuck."—Baltimore American.



NEVER RIGHT.

He: "I hope you don't believe what they said about me."

She: "I never believe more than half I hear."

He: "But the trouble is—you women always believe the wrong half."

Miscalculation.

Pat: "Pwawt's th' matter wid yer eyes?"

Mike: "Faith, an' it's th' contrariness av O'Hoolihan that do be t' blame fer it's bet'n' in mounain."

Pat: "Pwawt was th' trouble?"

Mike: "Shure an' he gimme th' lickin' av was goin' t' give him."

His View of Success.

"Have you ever made any effort to write your name on the scroll of fame?"

"No," answered Senator Borghum; "if I can be the main personage in our local paper at election times I won't care whether history mentions me as among those present or not."—Washington Star.

A Contented Theorist.

"Have your latest experiments with the flying machine been successful?"

"Eminently so."

"Then it actually flies?"

"No. But I can give you the precise reasons for its not doing so."

Feigning.

Harold (to Jerold, who was fumbling in his pocketbook): "There's a lock of hair. Who's it?"

Jerold: "It's Corsetta's hair."

Harold: "No, it's not; too dark for hers."

Jerold: "Well, I've had it for some time and it's faded some. Guess I'll take it back and have her give it another coat of bleach."

Possible Explanation.

"In the course of time," said the captain of the ocean liner, "the sea casts up everything it swallows."

"Due to sea sickness, I suppose," remarked the passenger who had recently been up against it himself.

She Explains.

Ernie: "I trust Jack with all my heart."

Eva: "But you said you wouldn't trust the best man on earth."

Ernie: "Well, Jack isn't the best."

Question and Answer.

Mrs. Flittington: "They've had the window open all day in the flat across the street; wonder what that means?"

Mr. Flittington: "To cool off the piano, so it'll quit playin' 'Della.'"